

Commencement News

The seventeenth annual summer session of Juniata College will formally close on Saturday, August 22, with the Commencement exercises to be held in the Old Chapel. Special music will be rendered by soloists from the College, in addition to the customary opening hymn sung by the assembled group, "O God, Our Help in Ages Past".

The Commencement address will be delivered by President Charles C. Ellis of the College. His address on the subject "Backing the Book", being a present day application of a procedure common in the old colonial school, will be the essence of an address he gave for Shippensburg State Teachers College and Messiah Bible College.

Candidates for degrees will be presented by Professor Paul R. Yoder, Director of the Summer Session, and the degrees will be conferred by President Charles C. Ellis.

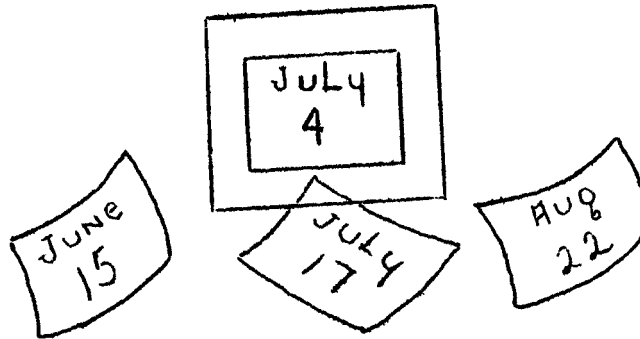
The following are candidates for degrees at the close of the summer session:

- Ruth Evelyn Anderson, 1320 Oneida St., Huntingdon, Pa.
- James Archie Botteicher, 328 E. Walton Ave., Altoona, Pa.
- Mary Elizabeth Brown, Mill Creek, Huntingdon, Pa.
- *Francis Edward Gahagen, 1006 Somerset Ave., Windber, Pa.
- Margaret Edwards Gluck, 949 S. Sixteenth St., Harrisburg, Pa.
- Carrie Ellen Moser, Meyersdale, Pa.
- *Gilbert Martin Shumel, Madera, Pa.
- *Merna Lucretia Snyder, Baker's Summit, Pa.

* These people are possible candidates for degrees.

"Education is a possession which cannot be taken away from man." Marydalen.

Calendar Chaff



15th Then it was that the morning dawned bright and clear and we found ourselves at the opening of the summer session. One of the first things we did was to go and make public our intentions about a course or two. And then we tasted the fruits of it with abbreviated classes. We noticed about a hundred people on the campus, all pretty much taken up with the same sort of thing we were doing. It was evident from the first that we were going to be up and doing. We heard a lot about the "telescoped" program and it seemed a challenge.

We were only the people on the wrong side of the desk, you understand, though we weren't averse to that. The people on the right side were such as Dr. Rockwell, who proved himself as proficient at calling square dances as at building future scientists; Dr. McKenzio, whose sociology students emerged confirmed tee-totalers, after four papers on the subject of alcohol; and Dr. Binkley, into whose sympathetic ears were poured the sonnets of Shakespeare and Milton and E. B. Browning by scores of budding literature lovers. We think the faculty bear mentioning elsewhere, for they are twenty-odd interesting people.

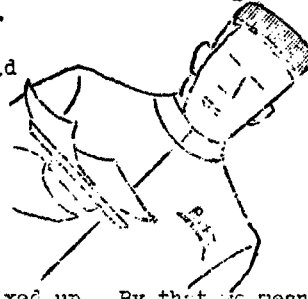
It was strange, but the work-loving Juniata students, summer session (1942)-version, wanted to have fun, too. And just to show we meant business, out of our fertile invention and initiative (!) cropped a whole slew of plans and ideas, / a working crew (social committee and then some) to make them materialize. Life began at seven (more or less) and ended at various odds and ends of the clock for us of Juniata, and wouldn't we just love to remember how we filled in all those hours!

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How the first week passed without our getting acquainted, we don't know, but the truth of the matter is we never really did get acquainted until the night of June 20! That was the occasion that the Social Rooms saw a transformation and everybody became a waverer for the night (if he wasn't a bell hop or a desk clerk or some other hotelhold fixture).



"Come bag and baggage" was an invitation that many people heeded literally. The bell hops earned their tips and more getting people all mixed up. By that we mean no slander---merely that they paged guests in pairs at intervals of a few minutes so that no two people might go out of the hotel as complete and hopeless strangers as they went in. 'Twas very cosmopolitan, this Hotel Ritz, and such a busy place, too!

Somewhere in the middle of it all the program began. Dr. Binkley bristled with wit as the emcee....Full right he had to do so, after a bell hop quintet (4 vocals / 1 piano) had mortally offended his ear with "Frankie and Johnnie" as per his very own text! So that we should have music, Miss Myers played Debussy's "Minstrels" for us on the piano, and then came Miss "Heel" to tell us of a grammatical love affair, literally punctuated with puns. Then came a queer creature---a magic moth, we were told---with almost uncanny hurn tendencies. Sure enough, the bell hops again, ignominy clothed in a blanket!

Thus came the end....we sang and sang...downed cupfuls of punch....admired the blue-lit "Cocktail Lounge" (alcove, to you)....the party was a success!

The evening of June 23 found us clambering over the formidable peaks of Flag Pole Hill and surrounding terrain in close pursuit of several hundred dogs, reversing the procedure of the hunt, it's true, but nevertheless maintaining the characteristic of the unique news story, "man bites dog"---which was literally what took place at the end of the Sunset Supper Hike on a knoll in back of Lion's Back.

Mention should be made of the leaders of the hike, "pre-meds" Musser and Zwicker, who, after a rather wordy debate as to who should "take the High Road" and who should "take the Low". started off, it falling Zwicker's lot to lead off on the "Low Road", with a vast following, entirely feminine. But, in keeping with the rest of the song, Musser came in "before him" with a vast following, entirely masculine, baying in chorus "LET'S EAT!"

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To top off the activities of the weary "weak", couples congregated in the gym to be piloted in geometric patterns by Dr. Rockwell. People straggled in and staggered out most of the hot evening, if only to get some ice water to lubricate their parched throats. Those who knew how to "allemande left" labored with the ignorant and after a few times everyone was "in the groove". Several times we were compelled to "pick ourselves up--dust ourselves off--and start all over again", but we all enjoyed it.

During one of the frequent "physiological rest periods" a mighty commotion arose, for !! Refreshments were Served!! Ice cream popcicles galore. Those unfortunate creatures who didn't attend were very envious of the wise who energetically assembled, for everyone had all the ice cream he could possibly eat and there was (we avouch it!) some left over.

Came the time when the clock told us we should stop, and we happy, full, and tired dancers stumbled off to bed with our heads buzzing with "Swing your opposite partner!" and "Now take her by the hand!"

WE HAVE had big times at Juniata and we may have had bad times, but we surely did have a wonderful time on Mountain Day---or weren't you in Yoder's car. Supposedly emerging from our intellectual shells, students and faculty lined front terrace at midday of July 2 waiting patiently as Dr. Rockwell (undoubtedly an ex-sardine-packer) squeezed us into the waning supply of automobiles.

Our small, but highly concentrated, caravan soon arrived at the site of pine-bedecked Old Forge. Quite at will the group permeated the park, highest points of concentration being the "really" refreshing swimming pool and Dr. Will's entourage of hikers. Safer to hike, we'd say---minus the "submersive elements", you know. From then on the program of events was left to man's amazing ingenuity. Prof Rowland staked the way for those antiquated sports of horseshoe and hoop throwing, which semi-aerial games at times sadly resembled bowling. Recreation became more collective as "Bot" and a horde of enlivened ball players converted a grassy katydid village into a pseudo-ball diamond.

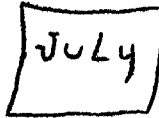
Yes, the afternoon wore on as we wore out, but then rescinding through the valley the proverbial "Come and get it!" assured relief to our well-contracted abdomens. So we ate and a subsequent expansion eastward (the spirit of '42) brought us back to campus. Oo-hum, no other night was Brother Morpheus so welcome, as we winked the mountain haze out of our eyes.

THERE WAS a librarian named Triplet
She was but a mere little striplet,
But she used her brain
And thought might and main.
My! Triplet was really a whippet.

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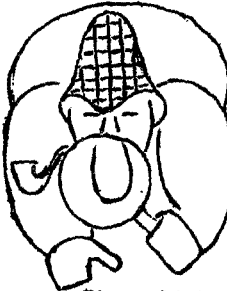
good time was had by all", so the saying goes--be it debatable or not. From the four corners of the campus we flocked. Of course none of the feminine sex dared use the fire tower entrance



for then who would have noticed their unusual (at least for summer school) garb? Why, even the rugged science students tossed aside their test tubes, dissecting kits, and calorimeters and donned those latest summer fashions! There at the gate awaited the ushers to greet the merging traffic from Cloisters and elsewhere, and maidens to hand each arrival a corsage of roses (so-o-ory, daisies). Just inside the gate an immeasurable distance (we forgot to take our rule along), a persistent spray of water arose into the air and then trickled downward from flower to flower, eventually vanishing into nowhere at the base of the fountain. Using this as a backdrop, Jerry Hoyer and his cohorts established an open-air studio, to photograph the marvels of this summer's formal garden party.

Being very hungry, as we usually are, we turned our attention from the lovely surroundings to those points that would add more weight; namely, food and drink. The masculine youth dashed toward the serving line, while the fairer of the group crowded in ahead, not that we didn't act like perfect ladies and gentlemen. Departing from the line with a plate in one hand and a tumbler of "real tea" in the other, we sought out a cool, comfy nook. Just then the symphony orchestra seated at the upper end of the lawn (3 girls and a record player) started forth to play the "Rhapsody in Blue". As the evening progressed, the music became more brisk, though kept within bounds despite the insistent hail of requests.

Sometime later we departed just as we had entered, a small group at a time, the livelier creatures leaping the lower points of the "Victory" fence. And, even thus recounted, it was a delightful formal party!



STARTING AT THE very beginning of the Scavenger Hunt (planned? concocted?) by Ann Esther Hill and committee on July 11, let's see if it proceeded logically. Taking the (Greek? idiotic?) roots of the word "scavenger", its origin can be found in "scr-ran-ni!" and "vengeance" Therefore, we arrive without difficulty at the meaning applied to the word on that (memorable? questionable?) occasion, on account of because things certainly did disappear in a hurry and in great amounts. And we don't mean the punch and marshmallows and crackers on Round Top. Or do we? (Quizzical? puzzled?)

It could be that we are being very subtle, and are referring to the disappearance of certain personal, very personal, belongings. True, only an essence of those....things were required, but when the source of supply is so limited by nature, well---you might as well ask for a pound of (flesh? sugar?). Sorry, we just can't bring ourselves to mention those certain parings of the horny substance on the extremity of the (nether limb? ped?) But if you insist---well, then, toe nails to you.



nd Freedom reared in that august sunrise
Her beautiful bold brow."

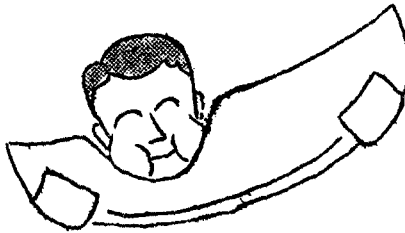
These are the ringing words we can say about those happy Saturdays of July 4 and August 1 when classes were forgotten and pleasure was the order of the day. Not that we weren't real students at rock bottom, but change is refreshing, you know. Most students packed their bags and took varied means of transportation homeward.

Some few stayed and had their fling in the very teeth of the usually studious environment of Juniata. But we all had a good time, a very good time

THERE WERE TIMES, TOO, during the course of the summer when we opened our eyes very wide in expectation and when we walked the length and breadth of the "Disputed Passago" to Oller Hall in "Pursuit of Happiness"..... in the form of movies. We didn't have "Seventeen" of them, we admit, but we did have a goodly number, with three already having been shown and one more, "Maid of Salem", scheduled for August 15.

Seeds flew through the air, the sweet juice dripped over everything and spotted skirts and formed gutters. Yes, it all happened at the watermelon party on Thursday, July 23, 1942. (The date is for your diary.)

The sun had faded in the golden west. It was twilight. The cool, blue calmness of the evening was violated by the gay laughter, the mischievous giggles of "innocent" spectators of the watermelon seed battle. Decreasing the quantity of melon were about 50 people setting their brilliant blouses, bright white polo shirts. To make it a really memorable occasion, the group gathered around a crackling fire and sang songs. The repertoire included every folk song that ever was known, and culminated with beautiful "Alma Mater". Round Top was again left to silence and surging nature (and a few stray seeds!).



There was a young lady named Gluck
Who ran into seas of bad luck,
But she sang like a bird,
And her spirits--my word!--
Kept her floating atop like a duck.

ANYONE WHO HAS EVER served on a social committee at Juniata realizes what a "bugaboo" a Saturday night party can be. To accumulate provisions adequate for two hours' recreation is a reputedly baffling undertaking, but the thought of a six-hour evening's entertainment is seemingly incomprehensible. However, in spite of such pessimistic assumptions, this was accomplished Saturday evening, July 25th, with amazing ingenuity.

Leaving mashed potatoes still warm in the bowl, water standing in unemptied glasses, a number of early arrivals encircled the "ivories and silver strings" at 6 p.m., and for an hour represented a source of voluminous song. As the last musical embers of "Keep the Home Fires Burning" died out, Dr. Zassenhaus appeared on the scene and events turned toward the intellectual side. In the subsequent discussion, Dr. Zassenhaus re-integrated our befuddled minds with some of the important implications of the present war.

Soon, however, the party gave way to several cleverly construed guessing games which in time "rebefuddled" our minds. Then, just prior to refreshments, our Social Rooms housed two miniature but quite dramatic theaters of war. "Battleship", as the game is called, in spite of frequent displays of unique and seemingly trencherous strategem, marked a significant point in the evening's program in everyone's estimation.

Time came that the party group translocated to Skip's where soft drinks and soft music culminated a perfect Saturday night.

From the front steps of Founders, our small group set out for the wide open spaces of Leffard's Bench. We streamed down through town led by "Fleet Foot" Long while bewildered spectators gazed from their easy chairs. On and on we went, over hill and under railroad trestles, until soon we had left the town and its worldly setting far behind. The leaders must have been overly energetic, for they led us over mountain paths that would have challenged any mountain goat. With a huff and a puff we performed the impossible and eventually stumbled to the top.

From there it was just a few yards to the finishing line. What could be more appreciated than the comforting fire and the meal is hard to say. While enjoying the savory and the soothing (hot food and cooling tea), we rested and centered our glances upon the miniature town far down in the valley as it warded against the darkness with an ever increasing number of small twinkling lights. As the darkness precipitated around us, we drew closer to the camp fire, forgetting our worries and joining with our neighbor in song. In the background, the long-awaited moon rose over a dark cloud bank, a welcome surprise. Then, guided by our solar satellite's beams, we turned our thoughts once again toward campus, with yet one more memory added to our summer's chain.

WHY COEDS GET GRAY----Since Henry White, Esquire, has moved into the girls dorm, life is no longer calm and serene. The ra#!

The second semester garden party waxed informal---and it "waned" only reluctantly, for dude farming can be such fun! Old clothes, rustic surroundings, a hearty outdoor meal, and then square dancing, and added to all this not a foot-ounce of work---who wouldn't like farming if he "dude" it all that way? Forgive us, and permit us to say that we like garden partying and find it very hard to choose between the formal and the informal of it!



MUCH WOULD WE of the staff dislike being accused of "seeing things", but we do think we see some pretty bright things ahead for the two remaining weeks of summer school. If we can look the coming exams cheerily in the eye, we can say there is not a cloud on our horizon, and even if we are a bit beclouded there are yet silver linings in store. Seeing in the crystal but darkly, we predict but vaguely:

This Saturday: Party! Anything may happen!

Next Week: Some of us may tread the boards, emote; others of us will merely watch. Watch what? No one really knows, yet!

And the Week After That: We'd like to swim and roast corn, but difficulties beset us. Something will turn up.

Shucks! We didn't want to spoil your fun by telling you too much about coming events, anyway!

ARE YOU A JUNIATA STUDENT WHO SEES ALL, HEARS ALL, AND CAN TELL A LITTLE BIT ABOUT IT? Here's your chance to find out how much you really know about your environment five weeks, eight weeks, ten weeks, nine, ten, eleven, or twelve months out of the year.



1. What organization furnished the small plaque which is located to the left of the walk as you approach the front steps of Founders?
2. What is the inscription on the front entrance of the Library just above the outside door?
3. How many entrances are there to the old Chapel?
4. What year was the first Juniata published? What was the school paper called before that date?
5. How many pillars are there in front of Oller Hall?
6. What class gave the clock located above the entrance to Founders?
7. Science Hall has how many floors?
8. Of what material is the diagonal walk constructed?
9. How many open fire escapes are there on campus?
10. How many steps are there leading from the outside into the postoffice?
11. What is the order of the streets running east: Mifflin, Moore, Oneida, _____?
12. How many concrete benches are located on front campus?

For answers, see page 16

COULD PETE CASSALIA have been hearing a mouth full when he thought "Pursuit of Happiness" was super-dapper-duper?

FOR YOUR CONVENIENCE: ACTUAL CALENDAR OF EXTRA-CURRICULAR ACTIVITIES

June 20- "Get-Acquainted" Party, Social Rooms, 8:15 p.m.
 June 21- Vesper Music, 1630, 4:15 p.m.
 June 23- Sunset Supper Hike, Flagpole Hill, 6:00 p.m.
 June 26- Movie: "Seventeen", Oller Hall, 8:15 p.m.
 June 27- Square Dance, Gym, 8:15 p.m.
 June 28- Vesper Music, 1630, 4:15 p.m.
 June 30- Carnegie Listening Hour, 1630, 7:00 p.m.
 July 2- Mountain Day, Old Forge, 1:30-8:30 p.m.
 July 3-5- Fourth of July Recess
 July 7- Garden Party, North Campus, 6:00 p.m.
 Stuyvesant Trio, Old Chapel, 8:15 p.m.
 July 11- Scavenger Hunt, 8:15 p.m.
 July 12- Vesper Music, 1630, 4:15 p.m.
 July 14- Carnegie Listening Hour, 1630, 7:00 p.m.
 July 15- Movie: "Disputed Passage", Oller Hall, 8:15 p.m.
 July 21- Musicales, Social Rooms, 8:15 p.m.
 July 25- Party, Social Rooms
 July 28- Carnegie Listening Hour, 1630, 7:00 p.m.
 Moonlight Hike and Wiener Roast, Leffard's Bench, 8:15 p.m.
 July 30- Movie: "Pursuit of Happiness", Oller Hall, 8:15
 August 1- Free Saturday
 August 4- Campus Supper, 6:00 p.m.
 August 8- Party, Social Rooms, 8:15 p.m.
 August 11- Skit Night, Gym, 8:15 p.m.
 August 15- Movie: "Maid of Salem", Oller Hall, 8:15 p.m.
 August 17- ??? Swimming Party and Corn Roast
 August 22- Commencement

PROVERB: A BURNT JUNIATIAN STAFF FEARS TO PLAY WITH MATCHING: WILL YOU?
 We lost our faculties, and our faculty, with this mix-up resulting.
 Can you match the proper description with the proper professor, so
 as to relieve our brains and consciences of an overwhelming burden?

- | | |
|------------------|---|
| 1. Dr. Will | Music maker and rhythm rouser! |
| 2. Dr. Crumby | Regards the guarding of the girls's dorm as no picnic. |
| 3. Prof. Rowland | Goes West for rest. |
| 4. Dr. Dove | Pronounces the job of keeping on one's toes all night
long a safeguard against the "down at the heels" look. |
| 5. Miss Herbaugh | May not always be late, but is never early. |
| 6. Miss Butler | Venerable paleface who knows heap much about redskins. |
| 7. Prof. Yoder | Maintains chivalry in the classroom. |
| 8. Mac | Always in fine feather, is an example of what the well-
dressed man should wear. |
| 9. Miss Evans | An authority on well-balanced diets, food for thought. |
| 10. Dr. McKenzie | Some of his ideas are considered "buggy". |
| 11. Mr. Clemens | "The people I want to band out are never here" |
| 12. Dr. Rockwell | An example of misapplied nomenclature. |

IS IT TRUE? Someone remarked that a lot of the food in the dining
 room has been going to the dogs lately!

? ? ? ? ?

TEST YOUR KNOWLEDGE!

Are you a good student of current events on campus? Exhaust your extra-curricular fund of facts on the following list of questions and then rate yourself on the basis of this scale-----

<u>Errors</u>	<u>Rating</u>	<u>Interpretation</u>
0 to 1	A	Outstanding
2 to 3	B	Upstanding
4 to 5	C	Still standing
6 to 7	D	Can't understand it
8 or over	E	How could you stand it?

- Each morning 7:05 is de-Claired for the benefit of: (a) the one who hangs out the sun; (b) those who want to "keep out any bum who may have passed the night in the dormitory"; (c) Luther Zehner.
- The undercover story of the advance wearing of the links lies in: (a) certain inexperienced tonsorial operators; (b) crew-d haircuts; (c) either or both.
- Bill Shope's letter-writing contest ended in mail to male. True or false.
- Bidwell's talents lie in the field of: (a) the "Volga tongue"; (b) a federal drainage project (badly needed in the soggy area of Round Top); (c) strategic naval maneuvers in the social room.
- Which of these two professors (Dr. Kiracofe, Professor Yoder) has been reading the Library's new book, It Is Later than You Think?
- In Defense of Women----There are said to be cats in the dormitory. However, there are assuredly rats running loose. Therefore, there cannot be any cats in the dormitory. True or False.
- Given: The financial gain of Zwicker and Hasser equals the financial loss of Zehner.

Problem: WHO paid WHO fifty cents to turn off the alarm?

WHO didn't need the alarm because WHO wasn't in yet?

WHO paid WHO one dollar because WHO went in swimming?

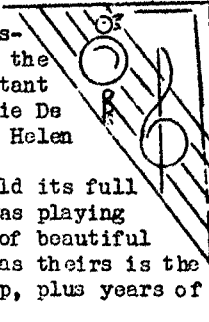
- Dr. Rockwell's tone of voice in Chapel was (a) surprised; (b) quizzical; (c) mildly disgusted, as he said, "That yellow thing?!"
- Infantile tactics in the dining room have assumed the form of: (a) Charlie Koontz's being bowled over by new head gear; (b) Dennis Dunmire's being no longer a baby boy because he's proved that he's lost his bounce (as well as his balance); (c) new pugilistic fist wear in the shape of one milk pitcher.
- There is a PRICE to pay when blackout darkness in the Social Rooms gets all mixed up with music and animal noises. True or False.

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There was a stir of anticipation in the air when the students and faculty assembled in the Old Chapel, Tuesday evening, July 7th, to hear the opening concert of the Summer School Artist Series, presented by the Stuyvestant Trio of New York. The trio was composed of Miss Nellie De Lay, cellist, Miss Dorothy DeLay, violinist, and Miss Helen Brainard, pianist.



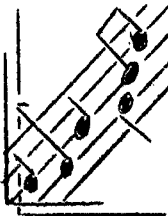
S This talented ensemble presented a program which held its full
T quota of music arrangement for string trio. Theirs was playing
U with polish and brilliance predominant, with moments of beautiful
Y coloring and artistry. Perfection of such ensembles as theirs is the
V result of deep-rooted musical and mental companionship, plus years of
E experience playing together.

S The tremendous appeal of this Tuesday evening's performance was un-
T stinted. Especially apt as arrangements were: "Trio in D Minor", by
A Mendelssohn, and Brahms' "Trio in C Minor". Miss Brainard thrilled
N the audience with her presentation of Liszt's "Concert Etude in D Flat"
T and Miss Dorothy DeLay played for her solo offering "Zapateado", by
Sarasate, setting forth a virtuosity in keeping with her ingenious
T style. Miss Nellie DeLay brought us up to the modern music period
R with her rendition of Ravel's gypsy-like "Habanera". They concluded
I the program with an encore number, the familiar "Londonderry Air".

O These three young artists have so completely and so successfully de-
V voted themselves to string trio work that their names will rate among
A the top performers in that realm. Those who attended the concert can
well agree and understand how this has come to be.

I Juniata College Summer School presented Miss Mary Ruth Myers, pianist,
E Miss Peggy Gluck, contralto, and Mr. George Clemens, accordionist, in
D an informal recital in the Social Rooms, July 21.

Miss Myers, who is instructor in piano at the summer session, displayed
R her musicianship as a talented pianist in her polished presentation of
E "The Sunken Cathedral" by Debussy and "Polonaise in C Minor" by Chopin.
C Miss Gluck, in her deep, rich contralto voice, sang three pleasing se-
I lections: "My Heart at Thy Sweet Voice", from "Sampson and Delilah" by
T Saint Saens; "Summertime", from "Porgy and Bess" by George Gershwin;
A and "Make Believe", from "Show Boat" by Jerome Kern. Mr. Clemens played
L the "Lustspiel Overture" by Keler Bala and a selection from Act III of
"Rienzi" by Richard Wagner. He gave an excellent interpretation of these
numbers, playing with great ease and abandon.



ALONG ABOUT 4 O'CLOCK EACH SUNDAY AFTERNOON and 7 o' W L
clock each Tuesday evening during the summer session, E I
students and faculty could be seen wending their way R S
toward 1630 Moore St., where well-selected record pro- E T
grams were played under the supervision of Miss Myers. E
These listening hours were made possible by the use of Y N
the Carnegie Grant Records, which the College received O I
last winter. These musical treats were very refresh- U N?
ing.



Guess who? It's Tommy back for the summer session, hoping Tommy (winter school) won't mind the substitution.

A BAD PENNY ALWAYS TURNS UP
To cause disturbances. Wonder what enticed DUNNY to summer school?

IN HIBERNATION

Too long. That's why R. Barnett burnt the cover right off her ironing board. Tommy suggests....a new ironing board cover----The girls don't even have crouses down the back anymore.

CORNY, ISN'T IT?

Mimi YODER can breathe a SI of relief. Things aren't so DULL now, but she remembers an early summer picnic....Some called it a rendezvous with a WOLF.

THAT TWO-THER

Says Handsome Bob Runyan---as he comes out of the post-office empty handed. NOTE: He gets only 7 letters a week from the Shippensburg Senior.

I WONDER

If she could imagine how much Bob thinks of her...between BLACK-JACK games and going downtown.

THE HOTTEST

Day of the summer---and the hottest bit of news for Tommy---all dumped together. Result: Cassalia reading SAYLOR'S letters from Query--- wartime censorship, you know?

BUT WAIT

Wait to MORNING SPRING over the week-end. E. E. ha! Fooled you. She's going to be Betsy.

TSK! TSK! NOT EVEN A SOLDIER
Ever met KOTTHAN pulls into a garage and promptly gets her ears pulled. Fresh thing! Nice, though.

WAR ENDED

GRANVILLE and GRONINGER certainly picked a nice time to tie the knot. But the accelerated program is probably the main reason---everyone is two years ahead of himself.

THE PUZZLE

Who dumped the gooney off ANNIE'S head? Moonlight hikes aren't all they should be---Lasso your head is harder than the average rock.

SUCCESSFUL

The BLANKET...the students'. 100% ...the Prof's 99%. Wonder if Mimi had a date or whether Prof is afraid in the dark.

AU CLAIRE DE LA LUNE

It is rumored that Dave Long likes to spend all his evenings (mooning) --excuse me--(spooning). But then there's Bidwell, too.

IN ACCOUNTING

They say a DETAR is better than nothing. SCOTTY seems to think a Detar better than a letter---especially over the week-ends.

His little space filled too soon,
Goes TOMMY

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Every year in this country there are thousands of jokes written and many people are paid high salaries to make us laugh. With this and a constant reiterating of jokes and antics on our own behalf, we still spend much of our time guffawing at someone else. This, however, is not the whole story.

We also spend a lot of time laughing at individuals who are not trying to be funny. We who do not consider ourselves in their class give them such slang nomers as goons, stoops, or shakies. We laugh at them because they do not act as we do, and this shade of difference we find very funny. In fact, we say these people are not normal.

If you will take your dictionaries out from under your Esquire magazines and turn to the word "normal", you may be surprised to realize that these people are probably as normal as we are. When we have only to base our prejudice on the fact that their actions differ from ours, then perhaps they have as much right to make fools of us as we have of them. Which one of our so-called "stoops" has ever made fun of us? I have yet to have that experience. Or, being one, I plead on our behalf.

Instead of saying, "He who laughs last laughs best", let us laugh at things that are meant to be funny and leave idiosyncrasies pass as understandable personal differences.

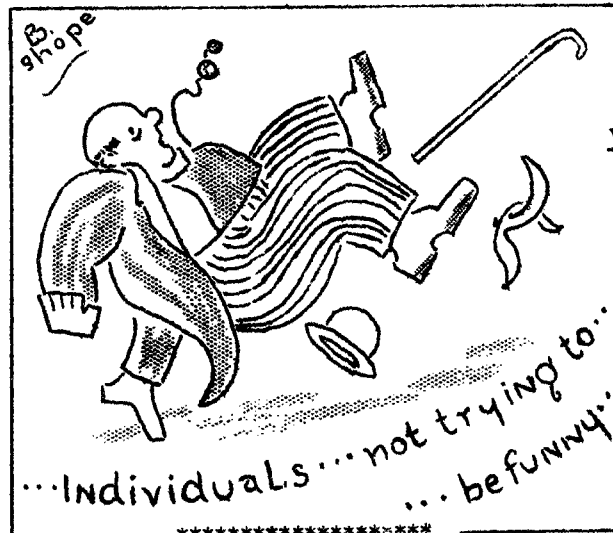
You may think that just laughing at someone who is not trying to be funny causes no hurt, but let me assure you that it is deeply felt. We once had a mule on our farm that never kicked you because he wanted to cause you pain. He just did it because he thought it was fun, but when the blow landed it made little difference to you in what way it was intended.....So don't make fun of people who are just trying to be themselves. Laugh at Bob Hope; he gets well paid for it.

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John
Van Natta



Vox

Maestrorum

In case of any student problem of grave importance and growing proportions, the faculty will not be found lacking when approached for helpful opinions. To prove our point, we set forth the following question: "WHAT ABOUT THESE COSMETIC HOSE THE GIRLS ARE WEARING?" and the following comments on it:

THE SCIENTIFIC VIEWPOINT: If we believe in the old slogan, "Save the surface and you save all", then we may trust that the feminine leg, protected by its lacquered coating from the corrosive action of uninhibited elements, will outlast the present world crisis. However, modern paint chemists are of the opinion that when you save the surface that's all you save. It is then obvious that we are therefore placed between the horns of such a dilemma that no mere scientist could hope to extricate himself. d. m. r.

THE SOCIAL VIEWPOINT: When paint is used with such subtlety that natural beauty is improved; when the chemist's art surpasses the sun in tanning the human body; when standards of good taste depart from the high art of charming and appropriate dress for every occasion, I shall have to like cosmetic stockings.....maybe! l.d.h.

THE EDUCATIONAL VIEWPOINT: For a generation that is accustomed to buying everything ready made cosmetic hose provides a unique educational experience. Putting them on calls for creative imagination and develops latent artistic ability. Being hole-proof and run-proof, they are very practical and the shade is changed with each passing shower. By adding phosphorus they will be a useful safety factor in a blackout. s.s.k.

THE ECONOMIC VIEWPOINT: Cosmetic stockings? What prodigious waste we have been indulging in all these decades! Consumers, proverbially never knowing what they really want, thought they wanted leg-clothing; creative cosmetic enterprise enlightened them that it was leg-cosmetics. What will hinder its courageously eradicating the multitude of similar wasteful mistakes on other "clothing"? When shall we triumph with "hats in a bottle"? Cosmetic footwear? h.k.z.

THE ARTISTIC VIEWPOINT: There is much to be said in favor of the use of cosmetics instead of stockings provided the girls cultivate a sense of color harmony. With some extra time and effort they could work out an effect that would give a very pleasing harmony of costume. o.j.

THE MATHEMATICAL VIEWPOINT: Among the many mathematical advantages of cosmetic stockings for the coed, I would mention the fact that they furnish a better place to carry aid to the examination room than the cuffs of the men. In case she has trouble in remembering what a circle looks like, she can easily carry a sample of this most conspicuous part of her anatomy. There are other advantages, but these alone would justify their wide use in the American college. c.s.s.

THE LINGUISTIC VIEWPOINT: When as in silk milady goes,
We now take care to note her hose.
For silk today is seen so rarely,
Young ladies get their beauty barely.
Now, girls, I have this to say to you:
My motto is--"Chacun à son goût"! g.b.c.

THE TALE OF RIP VAN WINKLE (ALL OVER TWIST)

--rev. as to 1942, having a new wrinkle--

Rip Van Winkle II was a chip off the old block. He was a pretty disreputable fellow, a modern cut up, who went out on a tear every now and then and had a ripping good time.

He wasn't such a bad fellow at heart, except that he was too easy-going. And he was extremely timid. Why, he was afraid of his own shatter. He couldn't even go out during a cloud burst because he was so afraid of the sunder.

Oh, he might have turned out all right if he'd had the proper breaks. He didn't pass third grade because he couldn't do division and improper fractures. And then, too, he was very impulsive---every new idea for a prank would throw him into thrills of rupture. He never was caught, but he did have some mighty close shaves.

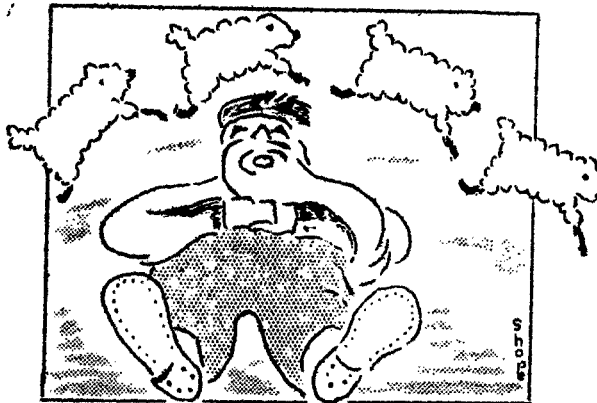
One day, at the age of 18, he came to a remarkable incision. He was going to marry----and he did----a little snip he didn't care a snap about. Right then and there he took a big slice out of his life, though he didn't know it.

She didn't approve of him much. All day she would rent and rive at him, telling him why did he do nothing but go fission. She didn't want to be a fissure's widow, et caesura, et caesura. Every day this rift, this domestic gap, widened, and Rip could do nothing to fill in the breach.

And poor Rip hated dissection! He very seldom stayed at home now, and he slept and he ate piecemeal (forty winks and a chop now and then). He couldn't leave his wife because he believed man and wife should cleave together, and he couldn't force his wife to leave home. For how, after all, could he refuse to quarter his wife in her own house?

The end of the tale is heart-rending. At night Rippy's wife minced no words, and at last poor Rip cracked up, a broken down old man.

Against all tradition, against the laws of all heredity and of hygiene itself, he had insomnia!



A word of appreciation from the editor:

With a few qualms and a little hesitation, at first, we tried out this summer the idea of a staff working on a new cooperative basis. Thanks to the real spirit of cooperation existing among all members of the staff and helpers, plus ingenuity and resourcefulness, our qualms were dispelled, hesitation changed to enthusiasm, and the summer issue of the Juniatican proceeded apace to this stage---being more a memory book--summer 1942--than a journalistic effort to render "news". Our sincere thanks, then, goes to the staff, in reality formally officed only for convenience:

Associate: Betty Jane Triplott, James Dull; Literary: Arlene Henry, David Brashear; Illustrations: Bolly Custer, William Shope; Music: Peggy Gluck; Business: Dan Long; Copy and Mechanics: Mary Louise Koch, Nellie Lynn, Nevin Schuler.

Ann Esther Hill

Toilers

ALL

THESE EIGHT WEEKS HAVE been fun. And, like all real fun, our good times have been supported by a stiff backbone of good, hard work. Throughout this issue we have rarely made special mention of anyone's efforts and successes. We felt that the summer's activities on the whole have been so collective that it would be more in keeping with the spirit of "Summer, 1942" to give collective recognition to those who labored especially hard to make the weeks fun for everybody. Even then we do not mean to commend only the select few---at the end of any tribute two words must of necessity be added: "and others". These people we congratulate:

Hollis Zwickor, Miriam Yoder, Laura Scott: Co-chairmen, Social Committee; Joanne Berkheimer; David Brashear; Flossie Crowell; James Dull; Peggy Gluck; Arlene Henry; Ann Esther Hill; Janet Holcomb; Anna B. King; William Leibig; Dan Long; Gerald Meyer; Fred Musser; Betty Jane Triplott; Mary Zimmerman. We want to thank Alda and her crew for all their work on our summer picnics, too!

AND STILL ANOTHER FACULTY Comment on Cosmetic Hose:

THE MUSICAL VIEWPOINT: Cosmetic stockings have all the properties of music--melody, harmony, and rhythm. They are melodic; melodious, mellifluous, melting, deep honey, soothing, "smooth". They are harmonic: harmonize beautifully with milady's summer ensembles. And rhythmic: do they have rhythm...have you ever watched a tango or a rhumba? M.F.M.

ANSWERS TO QUIZ ON PAGE 8

- (1) Standing Stone Chapter, D.A.R. (2) LIBRARY (3) three (4) 1924; The Echo (5) four (6) Class of 1925 (7) four floors and basement (8) macadam (9) five (10) six (11) Scott Street (12) three.

Danny and Jim got the "bob"
That half-shaven fuzz on the knob.
They both seem contented,
Tho' Jim has repented
For it cost him his only heart-throb.

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Notions

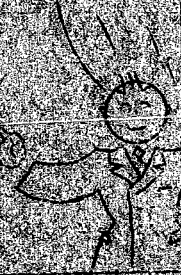
Accessories

More Goods

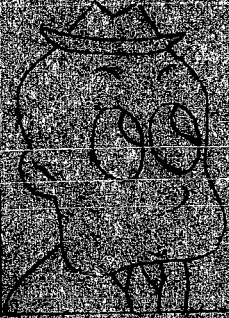


**CHILLER
HARDWARE**

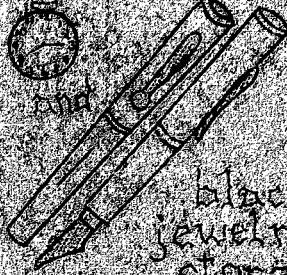
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